Carthage, Ohio

Split Among Christian Democrats

—Michael P. Fogarty

THE

Commonweal

New Approaches

Catholicism and the East

by Bede Griffiths

Passing of the Stereotype

by Robert S. Landry

THE KINDNESS OF DEYA: A POEM . . . by Virginia Earle
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A Liberal Magazine?

The Commonweal believes in freedom of conscience, but not in a religious Liberalism which says that all religions are equally good—or equally bad. It does not believe in the unthinking optimism of Rousseau, nor in moral relativism, nor in religious indifferentism, nor in any similar philosophical-social principles normally associated with historic continental Liberalism. In so far as individual American liberals accept such principles, we regret this fact and there part company with them. . . .

We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them. And we have little patience with those Catholics who try to justify their own reluctance to join these battles by citing, out of context, the nineteenth century papal condemnation of continental Liberalism. . . . .

If we are to judge by past experience, our opinions will sometimes be criticized as "too liberal", at other times will be damned as "too conservative." But we will always try to avoid the doctrinaire, the pat answer; the opinions that appear will continue to represent what we honestly believe. Our task, as we see it, is twofold: first of all, to stand for truth, and right, and justice, under whatever label they may be found; secondly, to try always to supply that larger context, involving a vision of man and of the meaning of history, without which liberalism and conservatism alike are incomplete.

—The Commonweal, September 20, 1957

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 267

Catholicism and the East
by Bede Griffiths 271

Split Among Christian Democrats
by Michael P. Fogarty 274

Passing of the Stereotype
by Robert J. Landry 276

The Kindness of Deyá: A Poem
by Virginia Earle 278

What Image of the Church?
by John Cogley 279

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 280

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 280

Communications 281

Books 283

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE SLEEPING GIANT

AMERICA'S mythic conception of itself has traditionally included the idea of the amiable giant, good-natured to the point of foolishness, reluctant always to take arms against a sea of troubles. Once aroused, however, according to this notion, the wrath of the giant is a fearsome thing. We remember the Alamo, the *Maine*, the *Lusitania* and, of course, Pearl Harbor. In any kind of struggle, we are fond of saying, we may not start out very impressively, but we certainly have a way of finishing strong.

With all its innocence and simplicity, this picture of ourselves is nevertheless not wholly inaccurate. And it was for this reason that the shock of the sputniks last year could be counted a kind of blessing in disguise: maybe the sensational achievements of Soviet science would puncture our complacent dreams of superiority; maybe the implications of those achievements would rouse us from our apathy at last.

The same line of thinking enabled us to extract some comfort from the anti-American demonstrations, all over the world, that have marked the last few months. The failures of our missile program, our propaganda defeats, the sacking of U.S. installations overseas, the indignities heaped upon our Vice President in South America—these were bitter blows indeed, but maybe we could be thankful for them, it was said, if they roused the nation to a realization of its mortal peril.

Unfortunately, none of these reversals seems to have been calamitous enough to move us. In each case there has been a spasm of excitement, a feeling that something ought to be done, and then the same slide back into listlessness.

Right now, for instance, Congress has before it a number of measures crucially important to the strength, even the survival, of our nation and of the entire free West—foreign aid, reciprocal trade, weapons research, creation of a space agency, educational improvement, etc. President Eisenhower has put himself on record as supporting most of these items, but he seems apathetic about every legislative issue except his own Pentagon reorganization plan. The national temper, which the President both shapes and reflects, is similarly bland.

IT IS TRUE that on some questions many Congressmen have exhibited a concern and responsibility all the more praiseworthy because they are faced by popular and Administrative indifference. Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, for instance, are resisting, and apparently with success, the efforts of their isolationist-minded colleagues to cut back and/or sharply restrict the Mutual Security program.

The outlook for reciprocal trade agreements, however, is dark. Already seriously compromised by its supporters, the Administration bill will very likely be weakened and limited even further by protectionists in both houses of Congress. And this in the face of evidence from all over the world, and most lately from South America and Canada, that trade and tariff disagreements constitute the most grievous threats to our overseas alliances.

We are today hardly one step nearer the achievement of a coordinated approach to the problems involved in space exploration, although such an approach was established as a vital necessity many months back. The bill to create a Senate-House committee on space, similar to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, has only begun its long and clearly difficult legislative journey.

In the area of defense and weapons research we have the curious situation of a House Appropriations Committee voting more money than the De-

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fense Department wanted—or, presumably, knows what to do with. President Eisenhower has said, in this connection, that he is less concerned by the Soviet technological challenge than by the dangers of extravagant spending. He declared, apparently with satisfaction, that people were now "not quite so apt to use the words 'urgent' and 'critical' as they were last fall after the first sputnik was put into the air."

These citations add up to a sum of governmental—and, indeed, popular—confusion, listlessness, irresponsibility. The amiable giant who is all of us is still sleeping. It may be that all will be well when he rouses himself at last, but there is the terrible possibility that this time he may stir himself too late.

What will it take to wake him?

SECOND WORLD BANK?

WHEN SENATOR Monroney of Oklahoma made his proposals for a new kind of international bank for loans on easier terms to the underdeveloped countries, things seemed to be going comparatively well. The Administration did not take too kindly to the idea. In March two important White house spokesmen testified against it. Since then we have all been startled by the vehemence of anti-American sentiment, even among our neighbors in the Western hemisphere. The return of de Gaulle, whose program for meeting the deepening French colonial and financial crisis remains a matter of conjecture, raises new anxieties about a nation which is one of our principal NATO allies.

In this climate the chances for the Monroney plan have taken a new turn. In fact, C. Douglas Dillon, the Deputy Under Secretary of State who had testified against the proposal last March, now favors many of its provisions. The plan also appears to have several other influential friends in court.

In essence this proposal would serve to supplement the loans for development which are now extended by the World Bank on a commercial basis with interest and principal payable in hard currencies. The original capital would consist of a billion dollar fund build up by the purchase of voting stock for such hard currencies as dollars, pounds sterling, Dutch guilders, French francs, Deutschemarks and Swiss francs. Of this multinational fund the United States would put up thirty per cent.

One reason that some such program is now looked upon with greater favor in Washington is that the World Bank has had to turn down certain applications for loans for genuinely constructive purposes because the country in question found itself unable to contract for payments wholly in hard currencies. By accepting part payment in local currencies the proposed International Development Association would be able to supplement considerably the development programs that have qualified for loans from the World Bank so far. A modified Monroney plan can be considered as a politically feasible alternative to SUNFED (the proposed Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development) in which the United States would have but one vote as to how the funds should be expended, regardless of the extent of the American contribution.

Assuredly the raising of productivity in underdeveloped areas is a joint responsibility of the industrialized Western world. A series of loans on easier, feasible terms made from the proposed common fund, and amplified where possible by available local currencies, would supply capital that is urgently needed to establish new industries and means of transportation in lands where recent scientific advances have very often resulted in a heightening of the pressure of population on inadequate productive resources. Such loans from a multinational fund would need to be extended on these financially easier terms without requiring political commitments. Loans of this sort could serve as one answer to the anti-colonial resentments that stand in the way of much wholehearted international cooperation.

T.V. NETWORKS UNDER FIRE

TO VIEWERS who bridle at many of the commercials or remain largely critical of the level of T.V. fare the news that the industry is now threatened by anti-trust action may be somewhat welcome. For one thing the practice of "option time," whereby affiliated local stations can be required to carry national network programs as much as twelve hours a day, does make for an ironclad proliferation of the same program regardless of its quality or local tastes and local demands. The hope would be that discontinuance of this requirement under official duress would force the networks to raise the quality—or at least the viewer-appeal—of their offerings.

The other practice which is coming in for the

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heaviest fire is the "must buy" policy by which any advertiser on the network has to use a whole group of affiliated stations, and that means fifty and more. Both the Columbia Broadcasting Company and the National Broadcasting Company require this. If the networks can fully sustain their claim that only by such methods can their heavy production costs be met, the authorities will be confronted by a curious decision. Can there be situations in which what looks like considerable restraint of trade by American enterprise should be countenanced in the public interest? Or in this case should the Communications Commission insist, on anti-trust grounds, that T.V. advertisers be permitted at least the opportunity to choose the local stations on which to make their appeal?

ADVICE FOR DETROIT

NOBODY ASKED US, as Jimmy Cannon would say, but we have some free advice for the automobile manufacturers and the United Auto Workers. Although our point is very simple, we think it is important. It is this: the negotiations now going on are deceptively dangerous. In our opinion, they could be the most important ones carried out in Detroit since the days of the sit-down strikes.

We recognize that there is not as much drama in the present situation as usual. With such a large percentage of its members laid off, the U.A.W. is in no position to stage any headline-making walk-outs, and with profits off as much as they are, the auto companies hardly want to take any chances on the production schedules for the 1959 models. But precisely because each side is in a weakened position, it is essential that negotiations be carried out in a tactful and understanding fashion. The dangers in any other course should be obvious.

The auto industry is made up of management, labor and capital, and the basic health of the auto industry in the years ahead will be dependent upon day-by-day cooperation between these elements. If one group comes away from the present negotiations with the conviction that those on the other side of the table are seeking to take advantage of present weaknesses in order to cripple or destroy it, future cooperation will be seriously imperiled. And if that happens, the auto industry will have received a blow much more serious than the wounds inflicted by the present recession, bad as they are. We hope those at the bargaining table in Detroit will not forget this fact.

EXCELSIOR!

WE WERE struck, if not really surprised, by a recent interview in *Newsweek* with author Erskine Caldwell, the interview occasioned by the release of the movie version of *God's Little Acre*, his best-selling shocker of 1933. Mr. Caldwell had nothing to say about art or life or love or any of the other fuzzy abstractions so many writers carry on about. But, with an extraordinary combination of modesty and mercantile good sense, rare indeed, either singly or together, in the *littérateur*, he had this to say: "I have no particular pride in the fact that *God's Little Acre* is the world's best-selling novel. But if each of the eight million people who have read it in nineteen countries would come see the movie and bring a friend along, that *would* be something." We guess it would, but what?

DE GAULLE AU POUVOIR

WITH THE accession to power of General Charles de Gaulle, France has entered a dramatic but uncertain phase of its turbulent history. On him are focused the hopes and the fears that have for so long fragmented the political life of France, that have rendered the Fourth Republic practically impotent in the face of military insurrection.

This Republic has been defended and praised for many reasons: for its multi-party system which, it is said, reflects the individualism of the French temperament; for the investments in Tunisia and Morocco, which prepared them to operate as states in the modern world; for preparing Algerian reforms which, it is argued, were frustrated by America when it opposed the joint British-French attempt to stop Nasser; for stabilizing the French economy after a war which depleted so much of its resources; for scrupulously observing civil liberties; for providing leadership in the struggle for European integration; and for fostering a climate favorable to vigorous growth in the arts.

All these things and more can be argued in favor of the Fourth Republic of France. In some instances they are merely the other side of what some critics view as weaknesses. But given as much weight as they can bear, they do not obscure the fact that the French political system severely hampered the government with recurrent crises and that the majorities united most often to oppose, seldom to propose constructive measures. French colonial policy was stifled and seemed to have been designed for

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another—and past—age. The practical consequences of such a government were spelled out in those actions which saw the loss of Madagascar, Indochina, Tunisia and Morocco. With the advent of the Algerian conflict the pressures increased, but no new course of action seemed available. With the Algerian coup the shadow of civil war fell across France. To many it could be displaced only by the reality of de Gaulle.

In this crisis French Catholics shared in and reflected the divisions of the country. Their strongest hope, of course, was that the General would find a liberal solution to the Algerian problem; their greatest fear was that an authoritarian Gaullist regime would neutralize France and endanger democratic principles. But no one speaks for General de Gaulle except General de Gaulle, and the force of his rhetoric derived mainly from lofty silence. Confidence in the General depended more upon his past record than upon his few recent statements. It is true that before his investiture he insisted upon coming in by regular procedure and he has limited the tenure of his office. He also, however, took advantage of the Algerian coup, which was engineered by men whose ideas of political order are clearly not those of the Republic.

But he has, as he pledged himself, come to power under constitutional form, and the possibility of civil war has been lessened if it has not, indeed, been avoided. He has, further, formed a cabinet which, with his pre-investiture speech, gives the strongest indications of his attitudes. It includes former premiers such as Guy Mollet and Pierre Pflimlin. Even more important, it includes as Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, French representative to NATO, and it excludes veteran Gaullist Jacques Soustelle, the Assembly deputy who escaped to Algiers to take part in the uprising. The structure of this cabinet is heartening to those who feared the rightist tendencies of the General and disturbing to those rightists, particularly the military in Algiers, who feel largely responsible for his accession to power.

In his first tests before the Assembly de Gaulle has readily prevailed. But the conditions which prepared his path to the Premiership have not changed. If his messianic role in the history of France is to have any meaning, he must somehow placate and unite those who are bitterly opposed on the question of Algeria; he must reform and strengthen the Constitution; and he must leave the Republic restored and intact. These are great assignments and they involve serious dangers. It is clear that many who voted General de Gaulle into office and many who wish him well do so with real anxiety. An immediate crisis has been overcome; crises no less severe lie in the future.

TURNABOUT

EARLIER THIS YEAR, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. confused and disappointed many people when it flatly refused to recognize the right of its organizers to form and join a union of their own. In an editorial in our March 14th issue we said: "Organizers have complaints, and why shouldn't they be represented by a union as much as those they are trying to help?" And in an article called "Labor's Glass House" in the April 4th issue John Cort wrote: "The acid test of sincerity for all guardians of public and private morals always is the question: 'Do you practice what you preach?' " In this case, Mr. Cort made it quite clear, he was convinced that labor's leaders were failing the test miserably.

At this time, therefore, we are happy to note that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders have reversed themselves on this question. After a recent meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Committee, President George Meany announced that the group had voted to recognize the Field Representatives Federation as bargaining agent for the organizers; thus the A.F.L.-C.I.O. abandoned its previous contention that the organizers were "part of management" and hence ineligible to belong to a union of their own. We still regret very much, of course, that this move was not made earlier, before the heavy economy-dictated reductions in staff were carried out, but the decision is certainly the right one, and it is better late than never.

DEATH OF A CARDINAL

ONLY A FEW WEEKS ago we wrote about Cardinal Stritch's departure for Rome, wishing him well in his new work as the head of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith and the first American member of the Roman Curia. Now he is dead, without ever having had a chance to take charge of the Church's worldwide mission work. Yet in these last weeks the manner in which Cardinal Stritch accepted the physical misfortunes that beset him and, above all, the way in which he accepted the coming of death bore striking witness to the watching world of the Faith that was his. Thus the manner of his death became a public prayer, and it remains for us only to join Catholics all over the world in saying: May he rest in peace.

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Catholicism and the East

If the Church is to enter into the cultural inheritance of the East, she must enter into the heart of its religious tradition

by BEDE GRIFFITHS

WHEN WE ASK ourselves the reason for the comparative failure of the Church to take root in the Far East and to penetrate its culture, we are inclined to put it down to the association of the Church during the past centuries with the European colonial powers. There is no doubt that this has been an immense obstacle to the spread of the Gospel and that it has branded the Church as an alien institution in the eyes of most people in the East. But I believe that there is a deeper reason than this, though it is one which it is very difficult for most people in the West to realize. This is the extremely Western character of our Latin Catholicism even at its best.

The Catholicism which was brought to India and the Far East in the sixteenth century was the Catholicism of the Counter-Reformation. Now there is no doubt that the Counter-Reformation was a very great work in its way. It saved the Church in Europe. But it was an adaptation of the Faith to meet a peculiar European situation, and it marked perhaps the furthest development of the Church in a Westerly direction. Its whole mode of thought and action, as embodied in its system of theology and its Canon Law, was something utterly alien to the Eastern mind. There was also the habit of thinking of the Christian life in terms of warfare and of the Church as a "militant" organization. The work of the missionary was often considered as a form of "conquest" analogous to that of the colonial powers; even now we speak of the "missionary conquest of the world." All this inevitably tends to identify the Church in the mind of the East with Western powers and Western institutions, and to make missionary enterprise appear as a form of "spiritual aggression."

In this perspective very little consideration was given to the temperament, the character or the religion of the people to whom the Gospel was to be preached. The Faith was considered as a rigid system of doctrine and discipline which was to be imposed on all alike. The religion of the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Moslem, the Confucian, was in the eyes even of a holy man like St. Francis Xavier simply an obstacle to be destroyed. But the culture of the people of the Far East, as also of the Near East, was until recently entirely religious in its character. This meant that the Church was from the beginning excluded from all that was most significant in the culture of these people. Can we wonder that it remained an alien institution and never became assimilated to the life of the people?

It would be foolish to pretend that this mentality has now disappeared. The Church is still to a large extent governed by the habits of mind of the Counter-Reformation. But there is no doubt that a profound change is taking place. Perhaps this can best be seen in the place which the Liturgy is now coming to hold in the mind of the Church. We no longer think of the Gospel as a system of doctrine which has to be imposed on people indiscriminately, but rather as life which has to be lived, and the Liturgy as the expression of this life. It is, in fact, in the Liturgy that the Church enters most deeply into the life of a people, takes root in a country and begins an authentic growth. And if it is to do this effectively it has to be adapted to the life and customs and habits and traditions of the people. The spread of the Gospel in this light will appear no longer as a form of warfare or of "conquest," but rather as it is described in the Gospel itself—as a kind of leaven. It is not something which is imposed from above, but something which works within the given environment and gradually transforms it. Or it can be compared, again in the words of Christ Himself, to salt in the earth, an element which mixes with the other elements and gives them their special savor.

Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., author of *The Golden String* and a frequent contributor, is now in Kerala, India.

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It is obvious that this view of the Gospel calls for a completely different approach towards the culture of the East, and still more towards its religion. It has been described by a missionary in India recently as a process of "mutual assimilation." It is not a question of "adaptation," in an external and superficial way; the Church has to enter into the cultural inheritance of the people of the East as deeply as she once entered into the cultural inheritance of Greece and Rome and the peoples of Europe. The language and literature, the music and architecture, the art and philosophy and religion, all that belongs to the cultural tradition of a people must enter into the life of the Church and into the Liturgy, which is the expression of that life. As long as we continue to worship in "Gothic" and "Baroque" churches with marble altars and statues imported from Europe, we can hardly expect our religion to appear as anything but an alien and exotic thing in the East. The fact that these importations are generally in the worst of taste only makes matters worse.

YET THERE IS a serious difficulty which arises here and perhaps accounts more than anything else for the slowness of this process of adaptation to the East. Throughout the Orient, whether we are thinking of the Near East or the Far East, we can say that religion has from the beginning given its "form" to the national culture. In India the prevailing culture is Hindu; in Burma and Ceylon it is Buddhist; in Egypt, Syria and Persia it is Islamic; in China and Japan, though other elements enter in, Buddhism has had a profound influence. In these great cultural traditions religion affects every aspect of life and thought and art. It is only natural, therefore, that there should be a tendency among Christians to reject the whole cultural tradition along with its religion. But this only shows the urgent need for a new approach to these religious traditions. There is still a tendency to regard them as "false religions" and to treat them with fear and suspicion. The ignorance of the average Catholic in India of the spiritual tradition of Hinduism is profound, and I have no doubt that it is so with Buddhism and Islam elsewhere. At best these traditions are regarded as forms of "natural religion" and as of mere cultural value.

This concept of natural religion, if by that we mean a religion developed by means of natural reason from the evidence of the senses, seems to be entirely misleading when applied to the religious traditions of the East. The very basis of all these traditions is what Rudolf Otto called the "idea of the Holy," that is the idea of a sacred "mystery," of a transcendent Being, which is yet immanent in the whole creation and manifests itself to man not so much to his reason as to an intuitive wisdom transcending both word and thought. According to every tradition this Being is not known by reason but by revelation, which is embodied in tradition. It is surely not difficult for us to connect this with our own traditional doctrine that there is a universal revelation of God, which was made in the beginning to all men, and which though often degraded is never entirely lost. Thus there is nothing to prevent our holding that there is an element of genuine supernatural revelation in all the great religious traditions, which has often been jealously guarded, and to see in them not so much false religions as true preparations for the coming of Christ.

God has not left the people of the East outside the sphere of His Providence. He has made Himself known, though in different measure, to all men. Father Daniélou, in his book *Holy Pagans of the Old Testament,* has shown how the Bible itself is a witness to this tradition of a universal revelation made to man before the Mosaic or the Christian dispensation, and Newman in a remarkable passage of the *History of the Arians* has spoken of it as the "Dispensation of Paganism." "It would seem, then," he says, "that there is something true and divinely revealed in all religion over the earth, overclouded as it may be at times and even stifled by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it . . . so that revelation properly speaking is a universal not a local gift; and the distinction between the state of the Israelites formerly and Christians now, and that of the heathen is not that we can and they cannot attain to eternal blessedness, but that the Church of God ever has had and the rest of mankind never has had authoritative documents and appointed channels of communication with Him. The Word and the Sacraments are the characteristics of the elect people of God but all men have more or less the guidance of tradition in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into them."

It is necessary for us, therefore, to approach the people of these different religious traditions not as our enemies but as our friends, who share in part the Truth which we claim to possess. At the present time in particular, when the majority of young men all over the world are turning from their traditional religion towards atheism and skepticism, we should surely recognize the value of these traditions. What is needed

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is some kind of ecumenical movement among the world religions comparable to that which already exists among Christians. If we are now beginning to approach our separated fellow-Christians as our brothers and not as our enemies, it is surely time that we began to approach our fellow-men in other religious traditions in the same way.

IN THE LIGHT of this approach we should no longer regard the elements of religious tradition in the culture of a people as obstacles to their assimilation. It is well known that the great Benedictine monk, Dom Odo Casel, held that the early Christian Liturgy owed much to the influence of the "mystery" religions of the Roman world. Whatever the extent of this debt may have been, it cannot be doubted that our Liturgy grew up in the climate of this religious world and that it is profoundly affected by it. In the same way we should not be afraid of the influence of the religious world of Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam on our Christian Liturgy. We have, of course, to guard against syncretism of any kind, but this only means that we have to learn to discriminate within each tradition between that which belongs to the universal religious tradition of mankind and that which belongs to its own limited and particular point of view.

In Hinduism, for instance, to confine our attention to India, there is a most profound sense of "mystery" and "sacrament." No people on earth has gone further towards the penetration of that ultimate mystery which lies beyond all human words and thoughts, transcending every name and form, and yet manifesting itself in all the forms of nature and of human consciousness. Here we have perhaps the deepest expression which can be found of the primeval revelation of the presence of God in nature. The Hindu temple is itself essentially a "sacrament," a representation of the divine mystery manifested in nature and the human soul. On the outer walls will be depicted the world of nature, of plants and animals and men gradually rising to the world of the gods. As we approach the inner shrine, we are led through various degrees of purification, until we reach the holy place, the *garbha griha,* which is the "center" at once of the universe and of the soul. It is the "womb" from which all things spring and at the same time the "cave within the heart," the secret place where man enters into communion with the ultimate mystery. If it is a temple of Siva there will generally be a "lingam" in this inner shrine. This has caused much feeling of horror and disgust among Europeans, especially Christians, but properly understood there is nothing "obscene" about it. It represents on the one hand the "source of life" and on the other hand the absolute "formless" divinity, the stone being barely shaped in contrast with the wealth of imagery elsewhere.

This is but one example among many of the depth of meaning which underlies Hindu art and religion. We shall also find in Hinduism ideas of trinity, of incarnation, of salvation and grace, of sacrifice and sacrament. All these may be considered as part of the inheritance of the primordial tradition, which have their counterpart in the other religious traditions. There are, of course, profound differences to be found among these different religious conceptions and one of our principal tasks is to discriminate between them. The Christian idea of Trinity and Incarnation, for instance, is profoundly different from the Hindu and we must never confuse them. But it is just this work of discrimination which is required of us, seeking to discover what is common to the two traditions and where the essential difference lies. It is not a question therefore of refuting the "errors" of Hinduism or any other religion, but of discrimination and discernment in a spirit of sympathy and understanding.

In this way the Church may be able to enter into the full tradition of Hindu culture, as of Buddhist and Islamic, drawing from them all those elements in the religious tradition of the East which can be incorporated into her own life. At the same time these other traditions will profit by their contact with the living truth of Christ. They will learn to discover Christ as the true fulfilment of all these ideas which are contained within them and which only receive their full meaning when they are understood in relation to Christ. The Trinity, the Incarnation, Grace and Redemption, Sacrifice and Sacrament, all these ideas are properly revealed only in Christ. Rama, Krishna, Siva and the Buddha, all the mysteries and sacraments of Buddhism and Hinduism, are types and shadows of the mystery of Christ.

Thus if the Church is to enter into the cultural inheritance of the East, she must enter into the heart of its religious tradition, "saving" everything which is good and true and purifying everything which is erroneous or corrupt. This may well be the work of centuries, involving a task as complicated as that by which the Church built up dogma and Liturgy in Europe, through intercourse with the world of Greece and Rome and then of the Germanic peoples.

YET, IT MAY be asked, where are we to start? I would say that we have first of all to recover the sense of mystery and sacrament in our own Liturgy. We must try to see our Faith as our forefathers saw it, not as a system of rational and moral concepts, but as a divine mystery, an economy of Grace totally transcending the reach of reason. It is in this way that we can make contact with Hinduism at its deepest level, and perhaps learn from it a deeper sense of our own Christian mystery. In the second place we have to recover our sense of symbolism; to understand how the Liturgy is throughout a symbolic representation of the mystery of Christ. A symbol in this sense is a sign

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which in some way makes present the thing which is signified. It is in the Liturgy above all that the mystery of the Presence of God, of which the Hindu is so keenly aware, should be made manifest. If the Hindu could learn to see in the Christian Church the true Temple of God, where the living God dwells among His people and makes them one Body with Himself; if he could be brought to realize the wonder and the mystery of the sacramental Presence, by which we are able to touch and taste God as he himself has sought to do throughout his history, would not the Church then be a living witness to the Mystery of Christ which would touch the Eastern soul?

Finally, this means for us a return to the sources of our Faith, to that Eastern tradition of Hebrew and Semitic thought, which lies behind all the later development of Greek and Latin theology. We have to learn to draw once again on all the riches of symbolic theology contained in the Bible. All this treasury of Eastern wisdom lies hidden within our Western Liturgy, especially in its use of the Psalms, but if we are to recover the full force of this Hebrew tradition, I am inclined to think that we shall have to turn to the Eastern Liturgies, especially to the Syrian, which preserves more than any other the spirit and the form of the original Hebrew and which already has taken deep root in India.

Our Latin Liturgy, though it has its own peculiar beauty, remains characteristically Roman and Western, not only in its language but also in its spirit and structure, in its music and gestures. I must confess that when I first came out to India I thought that the Latin Liturgy had an absolutely universal character and that one had only to take it, with its plain chant in the Benedictine tradition, in order to bring home to the Indian people the mystery of Christ. But I have come now to doubt whether this is so. The Latin Liturgy has a sobriety and restraint and an air of almost military precision which is foreign to the Eastern soul. The genuflection, for instance, was, I believe, originally the gesture of the Roman soldier before the Emperor; but when an oriental enters the divine presence, he prostrates on both knees with his forehead touching the ground, and this is what we do in our Syrian Liturgy. Again in the Roman Mass the priest at prayer is instructed to hold his hands at the level of his shoulders and to extend them with palms facing inwards, but when an oriental raises his hands in prayer he will hold them widely extended with the palms turned upwards and this again is the custom in the Syrian rite.

These are small things, but they are deeply significant. The gestures of the body express the ingrained habits of the soul, and it is in these things that the radical differences between human beings become most conspicuous. I must mention one other example. In the East when anyone enters a holy place, whether it is a temple, a mosque or a church, he invariably removes his shoes (like Moses in the presence of the Burning Bush). But when one of our Indian priests approaches the altar, he is instructed to put on shoes and socks. In that simple fact is a measure of the gulf which still separates the Church from the people of the East.

FOREIGN POLICY QUESTIONS

Split Among Christian Democrats

by MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

NOT MANY people have the chance to hear John Foster Dulles called an appeaser, a neutralist, and a fellow-traveler who is doing the work of Communism in France, Africa, and the Middle East. I heard Mr. Dulles so described recently by a speaker who also said that the U.S. Secretary of State condones Soviet repression in Hungary and colonization of Eastern Europe, even while he condemns the English and French for invading Egypt and chases the West Europeans from their colonies throughout the world.

These quotations are accurate; they are taken from the keynote speech by Alfred Coste-Floret, French M.R.P. deputy and General Secretary of the International Union of Christian Democrats, at the Union's annual congress at The Hague on May 9th. Coste-Floret's thesis is that in the age of Truman and Acheson foreign policy rested on two clear principles: solidarity with Europe and direct, open, universal resistance to Communism. In that of Dulles and Eisenhower it rests instead on solidarity with all peaceful nations, including neutrals such as India, and on enveloping Communism by action of a woollier, less direct, if possible non-military kind.

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Efficiency has been sacrificed both in world politics and in Europe to a sentimental desire to bring all and sundry within the Eisenhower embrace, Coste-Floret argues, and Suez was the Munich that marked the end of the old, firm stand. The position can be put right, he says, only by reaffirming the solidarity of the NATO countries with, if need be, a slap in the face for the neutrals of Asia and Africa. To reestablish Atlantic solidarity, he claims, America should underwrite Algeria and Suez, while within Europe the solidarity of the six countries of Little Europe must be underlined to the exclusion, if need be, of the less like-minded countries associated with the Free Trade Area.

On his wilder charges against America— condoning the Soviet aggression against Hungary and colonization of Eastern Europe—Coste-Floret's colleagues promptly and firmly put him straight. It was, after all, the Italian Senator Cingolani delicately pointed out, France and Britain, not the United States, who let their eye be taken off the Hungarian ball by their little affair at Suez. Alliances, said other speakers, are two-way. Could Atlantic solidarity perhaps be helped by France adjusting to America as well as by America adjusting to France?

Coste-Floret's Europe-First doctrine also came in for some rough handling. And indeed it was, for a Christian politician, a most astonishing performance. I have in front of me as I write a file of *Documentation Catholique* with the many statements by French Bishops in support of the advance of the African and Asian peoples towards self-determination. But Coste-Floret would have none of this. For him the views of the Asian and African peoples are secondary, and it is anyway dangerous to give freedom to peoples who, he said, are still living in the Middle Ages.

A countryman of St. Louis and Joan of Arc, speaking amid the medieval glories of the Netherlands, might have taken a kinder view of the Middle Ages, but let that pass. Other speakers hastened to remind him that it is indeed in Asia and Africa that the future of the world is being decided, that the decision depends less on military or even economic power than on our ability to win the Asian and African peoples for a Christian way of life, and that this decision is being made in this present generation. If American policy shows growing appreciation of this, so Dutch, Belgian, and even French speakers insisted, so much the better for American realism. And if Asia and Africa are getting more of the attention they deserve, this does not in the least imply that Europe is getting less.

ALTHOUGH Coste-Floret was out on a limb, however, as Frenchmen these days usually are, he was not entirely without support. And his speech had one outstanding merit. It ripped the paper off the cracks in Christian-Democratic foreign policy. And these cracks are now so wide and deep that they badly need looking into.

American foreign policy has for some time been a house divided against itself. Let me assure you, then, that when it comes to being split up, down, and crossways, anything you Americans can do, we Europeans can do better—even when we are so homogeneous a group and so sound on basic principles as the Christian Democrats.

The Christian Democrats are split on Asia and Africa, and on the question of how much accent to put on military or cultural resistance to Communism. They are split again on East-West negotiations. The International Union of Christian Democrats has an East-West Committee, which for months has been discussing possible approaches to the summit; it has produced so far only an unrevealing collection of platitudes, not because it is not thinking and working, but because it cannot agree. There is another comparatively minor split—though it would look big enough if the other chasms were not so gaping—on the approach to European unity, and especially to the Free Trade Area. The French and the trade unionists want far-reaching supranational planning as well as freer trade. The German Economic Minister, Dr. Erhard, who also spoke at The Hague, wants only as much supranational control as is needed to get trade free, that is, the scrapping of customs barriers and the destruction of cartels.

Still another split is over the H-bomb. The Dutch General Calmeyer, representing one of the Calvinist parties, took up the statement in the recent British White Paper on Defense that the bomb would be used to repel a major Soviet attack. This, he said, was contrary to Christian morality. The H-bomb belonged to the class of weapons, such as poison gas or biological warfare, he said, whose use can legitimately be threatened only in order to stop the use of weapons of the same kind by the other side. As he saw it, the trouble was that European leaders had not the courage to face their people with what NATO planners see as the minimum needs in manpower and weapons (including tactical atomic weapons) if a major Soviet attack is to be discouraged without using the H-bomb.

The British Conservatives, who nowadays send an unofficial delegation to Christian-Democratic conferences, naturally disagreed with the General. They recognize, said their representative, only one position besides their own as intellectually respectable: that of

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the out-and-out pacifist. Opinions in the other national groups were strung out all along the Conservative-Calmeyer line. Few were quite so naive as that of an East European exile who argued to me afterwards that the H-bomb cannot be put in the same category as poison gas: for, he said, unlike gas, it does not make cripples.

I DO NOT want to be too negative. Beneath the cracks in Christian-Democratic foreign policy there lies a solid foundation of agreement. The Christian Democrats are, of course, solidly anti-Communist. They may differ on techniques of resistance, but not, be they Catholic or Protestant, on the fundamental incompatibility of the materialist and the Christian ways of life.

The Christian Democrats are also, in spite of occasional bursts of bad temper, fundamentally pro-American. The memory of America's part in the liberation and reconstruction of Europe is still green, and whenever the Marshall Plan was mentioned at The Hague (which was often) it brought loud bursts of applause. Even the fiercest Christian-Democratic critic of Dulles or Eisenhower, like Coste-Floret, speaks more in sorrow than in anger. He knows very well that he and they belong on the same side of the fence, and indeed are more than mere allies: both belong to one community.

Further, if there is one thing more than another on which Christian Democrats are agreed, it is that in the unification of Europe, political as well as economic, lies the best hope of sound relations with Asia, America, and the Soviet bloc alike. For unification, if it did nothing else, would at least allow and indeed force Europe to speak with one voice instead of galloping off in all directions at once.

In this connection the Belgian delegate Raymond Scheijven, well-known for his work at the United Nations for SUNFED, had something to say. Is not the confusion in American foreign policy largely due, he asked, to the plain fact that we Europeans are ourselves too confused to give the Americans a lead? A good many delegates, I think, had to admit that his point was well taken.

"SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS . . ."

Passing of the Stereotype

by ROBERT J. LANDRY

ONCE INTO World War II, Americans who took the issues at conflict seriously found themselves trapped between the racism of the German enemy on the one side and our own American "yellow peril" complex on the other. Could we criticize the Nazis for despising Jews, Poles and Russians as "inferior" peoples while ourselves making race propaganda against the Japanese? Clearly not. Not if we wished to gain the good will, then very desirable, and still, of the Asiatic and African peoples. America had to take, and did take, a higher moral position. We elected to detest ideas, not peoples, and to make thoughts rather than genes the villains.

This was a great advance in social attitude over World War I, when the apex of patriotism was to punch a German delicatessen store owner in the nose to cure him of the sin of being Schultz. The new sophistication about race had some curious by-products, in that a number of long-famous professional tellers of Jewish stories were suddenly informed to their faces that they were parroting the same kind of racial propaganda which Hitler had built into a cult of extermination. Protesting that they fiercely loved everything Jewish, including their mothers' graves, the master raconteurs simply refused to see the point about stereotypes until it was enforced upon them by booings, cancellations and published criticisms.

If professionals were skeptical of the insidious nature of the humor of minority disparagement, if they could seriously argue that no offense was possible simply because none was intended, if they recognized only "good-natured spoofing," this may be remarked: race humor has always been confused by the prevalence of anti-Semitic Jews, Irish-deriding Irish and such Negro morons-by-profession as the late Stepin Fetchit. There has been some money to be made, and a dubious kind of popularity to be courted, in playing such a game.

Understandably, men with the gift of anecdotage—whether they practice as professionals or amateurs—are loath to abandon their tested, sure-fire jokes. The arresting fact during World War II, and since, has been

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that the audiences were often far ahead of the funnymen in realization that race-slanted humor is a conscious or unconscious agent of injustice. And interestingly enough, the quarrels which raged within show business twenty-odd years ago today echo in private parlors. There much race humor, no longer admissible in theaters, cafes and studios, is warmed and kept alive.

All of us have heard a story familiar in one setting re-told with a significant local transfer of the race angles. The same anecdote may travel the land. Texans will tell it against Mexicans, Yankees in Massachusetts against Finns, Turks in Chicago against Greeks. A single sample will suffice for ready recognition of the "adaptable" joke, the one about the rich but vulgar member of a given race (the race changing with geography), who hires a highbrow tutor to coach his son in good English. This is the joke's payoff: after a year the son still has his dialect but now so does the highbrow tutor.

Note that in this story, as in so many others of like flavor, "dialect" carries an implication of inferiority and contempt, for which money success cannot compensate. One is superior because one is free of dialect or accent, inferior because one is not. Garbled English is proof of being "out," while the native-born whose speech escapes ridicule is permitted to feel "in." Sport was long made of immigrants' verbal difficulties. Again and again stumblings of the tongue were seized upon as hilarious proof of the newcomers' not belonging. Each wave of immigrants felt the sting of this satire. Germans, Jews, Poles, Swedes, Italians, French Canadians, Armenians, Mexicans—all can testify to this.

How crude early race jokes were we can scarcely credit at the present time. One could offer in evidence that venerable paperback, *On A Slow Train Through Arkansas.* I purchased a copy of this work as a boy, not in Arkansas but between Joliet and Chicago. It was and is a handy catalog of stereotypes, as I verified in 1945, when I learned that the type for the book had been standing for decades, being periodically re-run. Its educational value lay in the fact that the text had never been edited or updated. It was pristine vulgarity.

Hoary Pat and Mike wheezes were present in number, and Izzy and Ikey jokes multiplied unto monotony. The Negro Sambo in purple pantaloons was where he could be expected, on his knees, shooting craps, razor in hand. All this was predictable. My astonishment developed on meeting again a nearly-forgotten stereotype, not of race or religion but of despised occupation—namely, the American farmer in the guise of "rube." Who today tells—or knows—a joke about a "rube"?

IT IS TO be noted that considerable self-consciousness about the exploitation of racial traits developed after World War I. Many Americans then confessed some shame at having participated in an emotional binge against the Germans, especially after suspicion was created that the Belgian atrocities were largely concocted to win American sympathy. Significantly, the very word "stereotype" came into our vocabulary in its present sense only about 1922. Another occasion for shame came in 1928, in the wake of the bigotry vented against Al Smith. The country was far more cautious in such matters by the time of Pearl Harbor, itself a pride-chastening experience for Americans. In the interim decent people everywhere had been horrified by the cruelty and sadism of the Nazis. The link between race diatribe and race pogrom had been rendered completely visible.

Issues of conscience buttress commercial self-interest. People of good will do not wish to inflict hurt feelings. Further, minorities tend with time and bank credit to acquire the power to retaliate. Certainly advertising and amusement media catering to the masses cannot afford the risk of affront. Any business, any labor union, any group or church professing universality will not carelessly, if at all, humorize as to nationality or private conviction.

Hence the new kind of social *faux pas,* the unfortunate anecdote which draws silent or expressed rebuke. When the former life of the party is made to feel that he is a social misfit he may counter-attack and charge that the whole anti-stereotype movement is spoil-sport. That, in turn, raises the broad question of malice masked by wit, the innocence of the hurtful jibe told with a smile.

The point, I think, is that this country is crowded with peoples of diverse backgrounds, living cheek by jowl. Wisdom has already dictated a general—at least public—observance of tact. Then, too, everybody is a consumer.

Nevertheless, business men have been alternately bright and stupid in their discovery of the important Negro consumer market, for instance. As an example of never-heard-of-a-stereotype stupidity there was the tire dealer in Baltimore who placed an advertisement to attract colored patronage and used as illustration an old "high yeller strutters" drawing. Needless to report, this ad charmed no Negro trade.

The entertainment industry, however, has been alert to all race angles for a long time now. Indeed on oc-

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casion they've swung wide to the opposite extreme, as when one radio producer ordered that all gangsters be assigned good Anglo-Saxon names, to stop complaints from Italian-American listeners.

Similarly, in an obvious desire to please Catholics, and attract their dollars to the box office, Hollywood studios launched a cycle of fun-in-the-parish films. Bing Crosby, Mickey Rooney and many another actor donned Roman collars. Several of the first pictures were amusing, tender and successful. Some that followed were merely contrived. After a sufficient ringing of the bells, after the solving, cinematically, of sundry desperate crises involving things like new wings, and after a galaxy of tennis-playing, baseball-coaching nuns, there were those in the film industry who thought the Catholics had had it. The law of what-do-we-do-now, well known to all script writers, set in. Finally Hollywood shipwrecked Sister Deborah Kerr on an island with tough marine Robert Mitchum, and the result, though innocuous, suggested the point beyond which, it is reasonable to guess, the hierarchy would not care to see the cycle go.

MADE AWARE of the stereotype problem, show business may have pushed its reforms to extremes. If so, we shall tire soon enough of noble Jews, saccharine clergymen, Negroes without flaw, and so on. One suspects, however, that the earlier offenses will not return, and this is a matter for some national congratulation. Our films have a very special bearing upon our foreign prestige. Moreover, if Americans in general are to be made aware of the booby-traps in race jokes, a start was necessary via the popular amusement media.

The present running argument about stereotypes is all to the good, a net gain for conscience. Progress is slow enough and a long road has yet to be traveled against the "affectionate spoofing" forces. More and more people of good will concede that the "no offense intended" alibi will no longer wash. How "affectionate" ever are such thoughtlessly bandied nicknames as wop, dago, bohunk, polock, sheeny, kike, shine? To put the question is to suggest the hypocrisy.

Wit, of course, is not in dispute. It is often a superlative form of social corrective, a legitimate tool in social debate, an illumination of human relations and human nature. But the point is that wit is original. The stereotype is repetitive, trite, cheap as the smut with which indeed it is constantly teamed. Here again the example of show business is appropriate. Vaudeville theater managers learned long ago that the least talented comics were invariably the "dirtiest," and also the quickest to hold minorities up to ridicule. It was part of the vaudeville manager's regular job to curb such irresponsible entertainers lest they alienate large segments of the paying audience.

The question of conscience is quite direct: does a joke offend against charity, does it incite contempt, is it intended to make some people feel superior at the expense of others who are made to feel inferior? For the addicted person the use of stereotypes may be harder to break than the cigarette habit, but the answers to these questions make inescapably clear, even for him, what the right course is.

THE KINDNESS OF DEYA

(to May Allen)

There was kindness, you told me, the lean
friendly sun of February rubbed
against the stone houses; the climbing
town was a stair of pink and fragrance,
the valleyed, terraced and sloping whole
world a welter of almond blossoms.
I know; I came later: the almond
petals had passed, the autumn crocus
had not yet come. Yes, I remember:
Antonio played his guitar, and
Bartolomea smiled, and spoke in
her slow voice. Their goodness was fire on
the hearth; their gentleness lighted all
the candles. And by day from the pines
the cuckoo hung two globules of sound
in air, bright, cool as two oranges.

But I have drunk bats' milk, and have slept.
Once in the dungeons at Son Vich, the
small sepia dragons looked at me:
What is our name? they said. *We know you.*

Why should I dream of Deyá, with its
ledges and angels, brown dusk, lemon
green dawn with the far fall and fluting
of water? The dragons know me, and
the almond blossoms falling pale as
desire and fragrant say they have heard
of me; but the hard tranquil hands of
Bartolomea do not touch me;
the well of Deyá and the church bells
of Bonanova are ignorant
of me and my blind, helpless hunger,
although they wept for me when I was gone.

I have put day to sleep; I have put
very love to sleep in a stone box,
blessed with the crucifix. Night knows me,
and pain, and I do believe my name
is spoken beyond air; but fig trees,
vines and tenderly wreathing people
say: the wind blows into the light, blows
out of the light, and goes its dark way.

VIRGINIA EARLE.

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WHAT IMAGE OF THE CHURCH?

TWO WEEKS ago James O'Gara reported on a seminar on Religion in a Free Society attended by Protestants, Catholics, Jews and secular humanists. He ended his report by stating that to judge from what he heard there, it was clear to him that many non-Catholics see in Catholicism "not the Church of Christ that Catholics behold but a huge monolithic structure, a kind of vast pressure group, intent on restricting here, banning there and picketing everywhere . . . ." I agree. I think that anyone who moves very much outside the Catholic orbit would also agree.

There is a vast amount of ignorance about Catholicism in America and it is often found in otherwise sophisticated circles. For instance, just this week a very knowledgeable man I know learned for the first time that contrition is an essential part of the sacrament of Penance. Throughout his life he had been of the opinion that Catholics went into the box, rattled off their sins and received absolution without any concern for either sorrow or purpose of amendment. It was quite a revelation for him when he learned otherwise. "Why don't you people make yourselves understood?" he asked me. I said that we often tried to but sometimes found it hard to get a hearing.

I answered this way because I know from experience that many people simply do not want to part with their misconceptions about Catholicism. By the same token, I know many Catholics who do not want to give up long cherished misunderstandings of Protestantism and both Protestants and Catholics who find it hard to part with their ignorance about Judaism. We all look at each other through a sectarian prism. But, for all that, I think the misconceptions about Catholicism are the most monstrous of all. That could be because Catholicism, being as highly structured as it is, requires more study than most non-Catholics are ready to give it—and also because a "black legend" still survives, though it survives in a more intellectual mode than the anti-Catholic canards fostered by the earlier nativists.

I have sometimes asked myself, however, what opinion I would have of the Church had I been born outside its fold. It is of course an idle question, for in that case I would be a different person. Still, I think that if all I knew of the Church was what I read in the newspapers, including some Catholic papers, I would have a very inadequate image indeed, and a very unflattering one.

For the Church of the newspapers—perhaps inevitably— is not the praying Church; it is the militant body asserting itself in the alien secular society. Too often it is the "vast pressure group, intent on restricting here, banning there and picketing everywhere" that Mr. O'Gara refers to. It is not the tireless charity of the Little Sisters of the Poor that makes the headlines but the latest foray of the Catholic War Veterans or the denunciations of a sharpshooting orator moving in on "Baby Doll" for the kill. It is not the glorious words of the nuptial Mass which claim attention but the sermon denouncing divorce; not the exalted doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ which arouses public discussion but the apparently sullen withdrawal of Catholic social agencies from civic organizations that insist on including birth control groups.

The more profound aspects of Catholicism remain a mystery to those outside the Church. Their image of the Church is a kind of patchwork quilt pieced together from the boasts of Catholic strength, threats of reprisals and inevitable expressions of power they read about in the news columns. If I were a non-Catholic and knew nothing about the Church except what I read in, say, the New York *Post* I think I might be the most rabid anti-Catholic of them all. And, in fairness to the *Post,* I should add that an occasional dip into one of the more belligerent Catholic papers hereabouts would do nothing to soften my antagonism.

For the image fostered in the liberal press of a fearsome monolith is reinforced by that mercifully small section of the religious press which manages to give the impression that the image is exactly right. Here the Church is boldly, even proudly, identified with reaction, intolerance and anti-intellectualism. The Catholic cause is coupled with the fate of right-wing political intransigence, and the distorted image many Americans have of the Catholic Church is thereby strengthened.

Every Catholic from time to time grows exasperated with the liberals' portrayal of Catholicism—but even more exasperating is the insistence of the hardy neanderthals in the Catholic press to provide the documentation that makes it credible.

Lest I be misunderstood, let me say I am all for a neanderthal Catholic press as long as there are Catholic neanderthals on the scene. What I object to is their tendency to identify their neanderthalism with Catholicism and the impression they give that their brutal attacks on persons who disagree with them are somehow expressions of righteous anger, justified and indeed even sanctified by a holy cause.

How can Catholics change the public image of their Church? Do they even want to do so? I think some do. I think they want others to see the Church as they themselves see it. Where to begin? I'll gratefully turn over this column in two weeks to anyone who has a good answer.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

BEAMISH BOY

WILL STOCKDALE, whose exploits in the peacetime Air Force delighted readers of Mac Hyman's book and viewers of Ira Levin's play, is now on hand to win more admirers in the movie version of "No Time for Sergeants." Its script, written by John Lee Mahin from both the novel and the play, follows the play rather closely, but producer-director Mervyn LeRoy allows the talk to slow up the action. Still, in spite of this, the movie is very amusing—thanks mainly to Andy Griffith's first-rate performance as the hillbilly from Georgia who is drafted and throws the Air Force for a loop.

Repeating his fine stage performance, Griffith makes Will sweet, naive, likable and utterly charming in his childlike simplicity. This is no small trick, and Griffith pulls it off to perfection. Will's officers, unused to young men with such refreshing good will and honest sincerity, find Will quite a problem—especially since the uneducated draftee considers everyone his friend. Will does have one true friend, another private (Nick Adams), whose main ambition is to get transferred to the Infantry, and he wants Will to go along. The Air Force would no doubt be glad to get rid of Will, but first he has to be classified; and after his befuddled sergeant (played with proper indignation by Myron McCormick) gets into trouble by making Will permanent latrine orderly, which is not the honorary job Will thinks it is, the captain makes it the sergeant's unpleasant duty to see to it that Will takes *all* tests. Will's handling of the tests is by far the funniest part of the picture, and most hilarious of all is his encounter with the psychiatrist in a who's-psychoanalyzing-whom scene. Yet one can take only so much of naiveté and hillbilly charm, no matter how artfully portrayed. Youngsters, however, will no doubt be spellbound by "No Time for Sergeants," right through the flying scenes, the brush with A-bomb tests and the humbling of a couple of generals.

STUDENTS of cinematic hillbillies who want to continue their studies might turn to "God's Little Acre." Since this is based on Erskine Caldwell's raucous little novel (which created quite a controversy when it appeared in 1933) the film is rather sensational. While the picture is not quite as explicit in sexual affairs as was Caldwell's story, it is still often ribald and overly frank in displaying the low and primitive qualities of the Walden family. Although Philip Yordan's script toned down some of Caldwell's more purple passages, it also missed some of Caldwell's point by changing the tragic ending and by omitting his moralizing about the division between man's aspirations and his baser nature.

In spite of Sidney Harmon's good production with handsome black-and-white photography (taken in California because Georgia would have none of it) and Anthony Mann's able direction, the outmoded earthy characters, the symbolism and the social themes from the Depression frequently seem silly. The movie, like the original book, couldn't quite make up its mind whether it was to be a farce, a satire on the poor in the South or a serious commentary on the low state into which a backward people fall during an economic depression.

Robert Ryan is excellent as Ty Ty Walden, the father of this strange brood. Although undeniably hypocritical in moving God's little acre, the land set aside for the church, whenever it is actually likely to produce something, he nevertheless believes in God and acknowledges his debt. His family, however, are more interested in sex than in religion: Jack Lord as the moody son kept in a nervous state of jealousy by his busty wife (Tina Louise) whom men can't resist; Vic Morrow as a mere shadow of his brother; Fay Spain as his nymphomaniac daughter who has no difficulty in seducing the albino (Michael Landon) brought to the farm to "divine" for gold; Helen Westcott as another daughter, married to a labor leader (Aldo Ray) who thinks he can end the depression by turning on the power in the shut-down plant.

The plot consists mainly of a series of incidents showing these people making love and searching for treasure and happiness. The most amusing scenes are built around Buddy Hackett as a fat, slobbering politician courting Ty Ty's unmarried daughter. And the sexiest scenes are concerned with the lusty labor leader's passion for his married sister-in-law. It is hard to tell, however, what the makers of "God's Little Acre" had in mind—except to see how far they could go without provoking the censors. Their film, which is neither a good comedy or an honest study of backwoods people, is at times arty and often pretentious. But it's a calculated art. "God's Little Acre" is so proud of itself for its adultness that it isn't even adolescent.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

MAECENAS

THERE IS A special poignancy to Mr. Huntington Hartford's passionate assaults on the citadel of art, a melancholy echo in no way muffled by his ample cushion of wealth. For these deployments

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of witches' gold, so lordly and secure of source, fierce in their ambition of desolate enterprise—what has been their impulse, and what indeed will be their monuments? Of legendary patrons, Maecenas found at least, and shrewdly succored, a Virgil and a Horace, but Mr. Hartford . . . . yet such are the ways of fortune, life and art. Still, there is in the gentleman's latest energy something to take the affections, even move to awe, for all that gold is seen to flow at the will of a dream of ideal romance. None but the heart of purest gallant glow could have thought, at this hard point of time, to give the heady stuff of "Jane Eyre" anything like its due of just homage, let alone glamour. And even the romantic Mr. Hartford, though he allows to Thornfield Hall its velvet and decorum, a baroque twist of stairs and that dotty lady under the eaves, denies it the wild poetry of nature and mood—translucence of absolute emotion—which commands for the novel its lowering allure. How could he have done less—how indeed could anyone have done better, in this footless game of adaptation—when we consider the quality of "Jane Eyre," its energy and rage as of a buffeted self, brought to the dry pomp of a prosaic world. Mr. Eric Portman intermittently blasts a Yorkshire mist through the night, but the mystery of "Jane Eyre" and Charlotte Bronte dissolves into the larger enigma of Mr. Hartford. *(At the Belasco.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE MIDDLE EAST

Brooklyn, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I read Norman Thomas' description of the Middle East with shock and amazement [May 16].

It is incredible that he found "no legal discrimination against Jews and Christians in Egypt." Does he not know that Nasser has expelled the Jews in wholesale fashion, after confiscating their property, and taking over their business? If there is no legal discrimination, then it is due to the fact that there are practically no Jews in Egypt.

To state that "In Israel, as is well known, Arabs are second-class citizens," is to state a half-truth, and with malicious intent. Arabs in Israel enjoy nearly every right and privilege which the rest of the population does. The few restrictions to which they are subject are necessitated by the fact that the surrounding Arab countries are still at war with Israel, and that they create within the local Arab population feelings of disloyalty, rebellion and treason. The Knesset—the Israeli parliament—includes several Arab members. The one from Nazareth is a violent Communist, who delights in delivering in the Knesset the most vicious tirades against Israel, the West, and in favor of the Kremlin. How long would an anti-Nasser agitator last in Egypt?

The truth is that the standard of living the Israeli Arabs enjoy is infinitely higher than that of the Arab masses in any Arab country. They have better schooling, better health services, and more freedom than do the Egyptians under Nasser, whose defense by so ardent a champion of freedom as Mr. Thomas is hard to understand.

THEODORE N. LEWIS,
Rabbi, Progressive Synagogue.

HIGHWAY BILLBOARDS

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: I was interested in your recent editorial entitled "Signs and Wonders" [Apr. 11].

Among various statements that should not go unchallenged is one in which you say, "Curiously, the argument most passionately invoked is one of high principle—that of States' Rights," and then you tie this argument in with a later statement in which you say, ". . . even though the Federal Government is paying 90% of the highway costs. . ."

If you will read the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956 you will find that the money for the Interstate Highway System is obtained by a specific tax increase on gasoline, other motor fuels, tires, etc., which money is collected in the several states and is then sent to the Federal Government and placed in a trust fund. This fund is under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, to be dispensed to the various states in accordance with the terms of the Act, less operating expenses, of course.

Thus it is that in this particular case no money is taken from the Federal Treasury—it is not budgeted as a part of federal expenditures for the year; it is a trust fund and the Federal Government is only the trustee—not a benevolent "father" paying out money to the forty-eight states. So much for that.

You seem to brush off very lightly our concern over questions of Federal-state sovereignty. I would like to make it quite definite that we are very much concerned over the manner in which this particular piece of legislation was put through Congress. We were not attempting to use high-sounding phrases nor were we throwing up any smokescreen whatsoever.

Our medium of advertising is an important means of selling goods and products produced in this country and of creating a demand therefor, and I want to assure you that the "opposition to billboards" was not nearly as high-minded as you seem to be persuaded that it was. This opposition is an insidious attack upon the rights of people to be informed and upon the

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profession of advertising in general, and I need to offer no better proof than the statements made by one or two members of the Senate Subcommittee on repeated occasions, when these members referred to their opposition to "name-brand advertising"—and they did not limit this merely to "billboards."

Please do not misunderstand me; we do not believe that we should be free of regulation. We do not have any such thought, nor do we have any desire to place —and we do not place—our structures in truly scenic areas. We do, however, seriously object to such regulations as were contained in the so-called Kuchel and Neuberger bills, which were tantamount to elimination of the outdoor advertising medium from all sections of the Interstate Highway System. There is no question in my mind whatsoever that this is but the opening attempt to eliminate the outdoor advertising industry, as such. I am likewise sure that the efforts which have been made to cripple advertising in general in many quarters will be multiplied.

THAT DREAD WORD, TUBERCULOSIS! . . .

It used to be even more dismal when one was told he had that disease. Nowadays there are remedies. One in particular has been recommended for use in the missions and we are planning to send a million tablets to begin with, to 100 mission stations. You are invited to help. For $20.00 we will undertake to send 10,000 tablets to one of the many missionaries who are pleading for this remedy. Do not delay. The poor sufferers are waiting for relief. Tell your friends and get them also to contribute. Send your gift to Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

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I want to go back again to the question of Federal-state sovereignty. I know you realize that the United States Government, as a government of delegated authority, has no control whatsoever over the private land adjoining the highways of the United States. If you say that they should have such control because of the fact that they contribute 90% of the cost of the Interstate Highway System (notwithstanding the fact that they have, as I have explained, a mere trusteeship) then I must remind you of how spurious this argument is when you realize that the Federal Government cannot control speed along the Interstate System itself, nor can it own the title to the right-of-way. This remains in the respective states. Neither can the Federal Government control the type of material that is used in a specific segment of the highway, so long as the materials used come within the specifications for general highway and bridge construction. Therefore, if the government cannot control the right-of-way itself, we contend that it has no right to control private land. Indeed, this is now pretty well granted by all of the members of the Senate Subcommittee, and all legal authorities.

The Federal Government, however, wanting to get its foot in the door, in spite of constitutional impediments, has offered what you prefer to call a "½ of 1% bonus," but which is actually a "bribe" to the states to surrender the rights of the individual states by a blanket agreement to control private land in accord with federal standards, in exchange for cash.

What would you think if, as a part of a federal grant to the states for education, an additional "bonus" (or "bribe") was offered, provided the states would agree to standards of textbooks, or to standards of subjects that could be taught in the schools? What would you think of a "½ of 1% bonus" tacked onto a federal grant for education if the schools agreed to segregation —or desegregation, as the case might be?

We seriously object to the manner in which you misunderstand our motives and the flippancy with which you brush them off. We have many times disagreed with your editorials, but we have never questioned your sincerity. Many of the principles for which you stand are very closely allied with the principles which we sought to uphold.

FRANK BLAKE,
Director of Public Relations,
Outdoor Adv. Assn. of America, Inc.

FROM DOROTHY DAY

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: It was brought to my attention only the other day that Monsignor McCaffrey, chaplain to the women at the House of Detention in Greenwich Village, was very much hurt by my ref-

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erence to him as not interested in the women under his care ["We Plead Guilty," Dec. 27, 1957]. I have written him a most belated letter of apology, but also explained, passing some of the blame on to you, that there were a few sentences deleted in my manuscript which changed the sense of that paragraph. If you will please print this letter, it may clear up his hurt, although I'm afraid it may hurt another priest!

I said that Monsignor McCaffrey had the care not only of the women but also of the St. Vincent's Hospital, besides his own parish, and that on that first Sunday morning, it was a young priest who offered Mass, who showed no interest in the women, but walked in looking neither to the right or left and that I had a hard time getting a few words to him, begging for a visit from Monsignor McCaffrey, the chaplain. The message was conveyed, and Monsignor McCaffrey came to visit me, and was most kind, bringing me a Missal and magazines to read. I do not think that much more than a sentence was deleted from my original article, but it was enough to make it appear that it was Monsignor McCaffrey who was not interested in the women. When I finally got around to reading over the printed article, I was upset at the implication, but then it slipped my mind and I did nothing to rectify it.

Now the matter has been brought to my attention, at this late date. I have written to the Monsignor to apologize and I would be grateful if you would also print this public apology.

As for the "young priest" I spoke of. It is a hard assignment, to come into a prison of five hundred women, and one needs special interest and the special grace to do the work. Not every priest is suited for it. It is not especially the age of the priest. I can see a young Father Hessler, the missioner, speaking with fervor, and loving kindness and warmth to the prisoners, telling them the lives of the saints, giving them some vision of a life other than their own, trying to awaken in them longings and desires for the love of God and for a life of grace. I am praying for such chaplains for women prisoners at the House of Detention.

Do print this letter soon. It will serve to remind your readers to pray for us all, and for all prisoners, all over the world. It is a forgotten work of mercy.

DOROTHY DAY.

BOOKS

Two Views of a Strong Personality

ST. BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS. By Francis Trochu. Translated by John Joyce, S.J. Pantheon. $4.95.
ST. BERNADETTE: THE CHILD AND THE NUN. By Margaret Trouncer. Sheed & Ward. $3.75.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

IT IS NOT easy to become interested in Bernadette—dull, stupid, stubborn, choking with asthma, shoved into a convent because the authorities had no idea what else to do with her. One is almost led to believe, by such popular misconceptions, that she was the will-less vehicle of Our Lady's appearances at Lourdes, that the apparitions that took place one hundred years ago made Bernadette a saint without action on her part.

Just how inaccurate these notions are is immediately apparent in these two biographical studies of Bernadette—St. Marie-Bernard Soubirous. She was unlettered, true, but she had a quick intelligence and a sharp, witty mind. Stubborn? Perhaps. But she was obeying her Lady of the grotto when she firmly declined to observe the restrictions laid upon her by local authority. As for her vocation, she was assured of it by Our Lady.

No, Bernadette is not an unattractive saint. She has her own charm, and it is evident that she has exerted it upon both her biographers, particularly Mrs. Trouncer, whose book is intensely personal and punctuated with somewhat rapturous asides.

Both studies cover, in general, the same ground, but Monsignor Trochu has written the more complete account of Bernadette's life and the more interesting. Extreme poverty, almost to the point of destitution, was the cross of the Soubirous family. Their home at Lourdes, he tells us, was a "dark, fetid hole . . . which measured about four yards by five." Two adults and four children lived in this hovel. At times the whole family went hungry; on one occasion Bernadette's brother Jean-Marie was discovered eating the wax that had fallen from the candles in the church. Yet Bernadette learned to love poverty and counseled it all her life. And later, when the crowds at the grotto tried to press money upon her or other members of the family, it was courteously refused. Bernadette was not one to trade materially on her divine favors.

For she knew how favored she was. The apparitions at Massabielle were the high point of Bernadette's life, and no amount of scoffing or skepticism could dispel the sweetness of her conversations with Our Lady. Neither the hostility of the police nor the disinterestedness of the clergy swayed her. She was grilled, tested; doubts were cast on her stability and sanity. She answered all questions like a modern Joan of Arc. It was not, however, her role as transmitter of the message of Lourdes that determined her sanctity. As Mrs. Trouncer puts it, "Eventually it was not the visionary of Massabielle whom the Church canonized: it was the nun of

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Nevers. And she was raised to the altars of the Church because she had practiced virtue to an heroic degree."

Both authors emphasize this point. Bernadette's training in sanctity came after her extraordinary experiences in the grotto. Ordeal though it was for her to endure the questionings and the crowds at Lourdes, her true purification began when she entered the Sisters of Charity of Nevers. Her superiors, convinced that it would be necessary to keep the visionary humble, treated her with incredible coldness and lost no opportunities to humiliate her.

Mother Marie-Therese Vauzou, the novice mistress, actively resented this soul which refused to unfold completely to her. Alone among the novices Bernadette was shut out of Mère Vauzou's affections. It was a miracle of love that Bernadette was able to say of the novice mistress, "But I owe her great gratitude for the good she has done my soul!" And Monsignor Trochu remarks, "And this was so true that one may add without any irony that Mother Marie-Therese was the person who labored most for her glorification." It worried Mother Vauzou, though. At the end of her life she feared for her own salvation because of her harsh treatment of Bernadette.

Bernadette had other sufferings to contend with. Added to her interior trials was intense physical pain. From childhood she had been delicate, asthmatic and subject to illness. As a nun she was more than once at the point of death, and toward the end of her life—and she lived only to thirty-five—completely bedridden. Asked once by her superior what she was doing in bed, she replied, "Why, my dear Mother, I'm doing my job." "And what's your job?" "Being ill."

Nevertheless she had her small delights. When she was able to be around she worked steadily as infirmarian and sacristan, duties which pleased her from both the practical and spiritual side. She was a favorite of her companions, and to them she showed a mischievous side that was unknown to her superiors. And although it was a bitter cross to know that she would never again see the Lourdes grotto, the memory of her visions never left her and helped to make her sufferings endurable.

Bernadette was a strong personality and each of her biographers has characterized her sharply, though with a difference. Mrs. Trouncer's Bernadette is softer, more the child throughout her life. She is always little Bernadette, charming and merry, humble but not subdued. This seems to be Mrs. Trouncer's particular vision of the saint. In Trochu's more detached study Bernadette the child becomes more strongly Bernadette the woman, her maturity evident in the firmness of her character, in her well-balanced common sense, her liking for order and moderation, her "strong but controlled depth of feeling." One feels that Trochu's Bernadette is Bernadette as she is.

If a comparison is made between the two books there is no doubt that Trochu's is far superior. He has made an exhaustive study of the saint, based on primary sources, which indicates his skill as a historian and which shows as well that he is a capable and moving writer. Mrs. Trouncer's more modest offering suffers from a certain sentimentality in her approach, and at times wavers between straight biography and novelization. She has produced a pleasant, readable book, but it is not of the caliber of Monsignor Trochu's, a firm achievement in the difficult art of biography.

Survey of American Painting

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Alexander Eliot. Random. $13.50.

By C. BEATTY KAUFMAN

IT APPEARS to be happily true that pictures speak louder than words, and so one can say that this book put out by *Time* presents a fine panorama of American painting. The illustrations, all in color, are generally excellent and offer a comprehensive view supported by a good index. Where an enterprise is so good and when it so handsomely Meets a Need, one is really sorry to add—but the text is weak. A *Time*-style report on American painting turns out to be filled with silly chauvinism and superficiality, often expressed in deadly prose: Mr. Eliot—or *Time*—says of Inness, "though he sometimes mired down in the swamps of sentiment, he also trod the heights." Furthermore, *Time*-divisions among contemporary artists frequently seem more arbitrary than apt (an uncommonly useful category is called "The Melting Pot," where painters of different national origins are grouped together) and a bias toward the realistic leads to a questionable emphasis among the moderns.

To Americans in general, to say nothing of those Americans who are filled with the fresh enthusiasm for art that is now in the air, this book must have all the endearing fascination of a family album, over and above its interest and usefulness. Surely it is not necessary to "sell" us on the consequence of our artists, and one cannot help feeling that nationalistic fervor will not win over recalcitrant foreign observers. When Mr. Eliot notes that "the American Copley had invented romantic horror painting" ("Brook Watson and the Shark," 1778) and that it remained "for the Frenchman . . . Gericault whose 'Raft of the Medusa' was to come forty years later" to follow it up, it strikes one as positively providential that Copley couldn't take out a patent.

The strident note is heard so often that when we are told a matter of valid interest such as "Arthur Dove was the first 'pure' abstractionist. . . . In 1910 he crossed a new frontier of art just a year ahead of W. Kandinsky, who was to tread the same path independently in Germany," the reader is so surfeited with this gambit that he may be reminded of the Russian claims

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to have invented everything. It even seems surprising that Kandinsky is allowed to tread that path independently.

There are many amusing quotations in this book, among them some one might wish had impressed Mr. Eliot to more purpose. John Sloan, commenting on the "American Scene" controversy said: "If you are American and work, your work will be American." If taken to heart, this might have appeased the author's stern attitude toward corrupting European influences (in the chapter "Northwest Passage" it appears Oriental influences, coming to us through Tobey, are more wholesome). However, Mr. Eliot — or *Time* — does not seem to be at all inflexible nor even consistent in this attitude, since he cheerfully claims Mary Cassatt for us, unlike the Metropolitan Museum, who places her among the French Impressionists. He also magnanimously includes Max Beckmann, unlike almost everybody, who place Beckmann among the German Expressionists.

In the introduction, John Walker, director of the National Gallery, describes our native art very well as "a gently rolling countryside with meadows and low hills." Out of this truly lovely landscape emerge the figures of "that hawk-eyed traveler of the wilderness" Audubon, the gifted Peale and Copley, Whistler, Eakins (of whom Mr. Eliot gives a thoughtful account), Homer, Ryder, the Hudson River and Ashcan Schools, the delicate Marin and the whole panoply of our lively contemporary artists. Our abstract expressionists seem to have plunged right into the landscape, as it were, both analyzing and extending it: with Pollack we plunge in and matter swirls about us (there is a fine illustration here, "Scent") ; De Kooning's frightening "Woman I" appears to burst out of a block of matter that is thrust up against us.

This book is perhaps an example of that ideological "modesty" that M. Maritain, with his exquisite politeness, laments in his book *Reflections On America:* we have fine forceful artists at work now and in our past, and here is a handsome and useful book displaying and reporting on them, but there are no intellectual "elucidations" (nor even a prose style) to match the performance. Most of all one would wish that this "presentation" recognized what Henry James (*quoted* therein) says: "Art lives upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon exchange of views and the comparison of standpoint." Or, as Mr. Rambusch reminded us in a recent article, what Claudel more boldly affirms: "Art is the world clamoring to become one city."

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Reappraisal

AMERICAN CLASSICS RECONSIDERED. A CHRISTIAN APPRAISAL. Edited by Harold C. Gardiner, S. J. Scribners. $4.95.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

AMERICANS who study their own literature ought to thank England for D. H. Lawrence. "The furthest frenzies of French modernism," he wrote, "have not yet reached the pitch of extreme consciousness that Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, Whitman reached. The European moderns are all trying to be extreme. The great Americans I mentioned just were it. Which is why the world has funked them, and funks them today."

The present volume, appearing some thirty-five years after Lawrence's, is another attempt to get at our classics. Father Gardiner's

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approach is not so different from Lawrence's as one might suppose. In his Foreword, Lawrence wrote, "The great difference between the extreme Russians and the extreme Americans lies in the fact that the Russians are explicit and hate eloquence and symbols, seeing in these only subterfuge, whereas the Americans refuse everything explicit and always put up a sort of double meaning. They revel in subterfuge."

In his introductory essay, Father Gardiner quotes from Charles Feidelson's "Symbolism and American Literature." Mr. Feidelson argues that symbolism "in the central work of Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville and Poe, is at once a technique and a theme. It is a governing principle; not a stylistic device but a point of view; not a casual subject, but a pervasive presence in the intellectual landscape." It is "the coloration taken on by the American literary mind under the pressure of American intellectual history."

This symposium attempts to get at the roots of the American literary mind. Father Gardiner believes that the "residual pieties" of Puritan theocracy (Lionel Trilling's term) are not explanation enough. He argues that other pieties were also residual, "pieties that had their roots in traditional Christianity, in dogmas that were pre-Puritan and pre-Reformation, and in the verities of scholastic philosophy."

The studies in this volume are to be read, Father Gardiner suggests, as "illuminations" of a concern by our nineteenth century writers with a "faith" of pre-Puritan ancestry.

Proceeding to the essays themselves, one is struck by the artistry of their arrangement. The authors studied are, in this order: Emerson, Cooper, Brownson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Thoreau, Melville, Whitman and the historians, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley and Parkman. I mention the artistry of the arrangement because Robert Pollock's essay on Emerson, "The Single Vision," is the hub of the symposium. I do not mean that the other essays confirm Pollock's thesis. Quite the contrary. But Pollock's essay is so full of insights and so happily composed that it is provocative, not only in itself, but in the relations which it suggests to the other studies.

It would require a lengthy essay and great learning to do justice to Pollock's essay. For the purposes of a review it is enough to say that Emerson sought to revive in modern man that fusion of "spirituality and a cosmic sense" which he found in ancient classical philosophy. Man, in Emerson's single vision, holds within himself the "poles of the universe." It is with this message, Pollock argues, that Emerson returns to a Catholic vision older than Calvinism.

It is as we read the other essays that we recognize the difficulties of living in Emerson's vision. No nineteenth century American, much less one of the twentieth century, could merely return to an ancient vision. Alvan Ryan's essay on Brownson, "The Critique of Transcendentalism," is precise on this point. Emerson's attempt to free man from a split universe did not take into account the radical consequences of Original Sin. As Brownson wrote, "St. Thomas teaches us that revelation is necessary, practically necessary, to enable men to know even the natural law, especially in the case of the great mass of mankind." And Professor Ryan adds, "This quotation suggests that if the Transcendentalists were right in asserting the natural law against Calvinism, their denial of the necessity of the Revealed Law largely stemmed from their acceptance of the romantic doctrine of man's natural goodness."

For goodness, let us read wholeness, or integrity. It is a common teaching of theologians that one of the consequences of Original Sin is a loss of integrity. To paraphrase St. Paul, man does not do what he wants to do, and he does what he does not want to do. The great American artists, Emerson and Whitman excepted, were acutely aware of this. Jeremiah Durick's essay on Poe, "The Incorporate Silence and the Heart Divine" and Geoffrey Stone's study of Melville, "Loyalty to the Heart" make this quite clear. Both men saw the radical split in man, and more than saw —they lived it.

It is in Whitman that we find the poet most akin to Emerson. As Ernest Sandeen writes, "Whitman's religious world was that of 'natural super-naturalism'. . . . It was a paradoxical world where there could be no miracles because everything was miraculous, where no God-become-man could be recognized because all men had become gods, and where there was no room for the truly supernatural because all things had been deified."

Whitman had neither Emerson's subtlety nor his learning but the above quotation might as well apply to Emerson's religious world as to Whitman's. As Professor Sandeen shows, Whitman did achieve, after severe struggles, a single vision, but it was not derived from a pre-Puritan Christian tradition.

The dissonance in this volume is all to the good. All the studies are from a Christian viewpoint, but none, as the editor states, is rigid or restrictive in appraisal.

Valuable Record

THIS GLORIOUS CAUSE. By Herbert T. Wade and Robert A. Lively. Princeton University Press. $5.

By JOHN COURNOS

THERE IS nothing like a contemporary record, set down by an actual participator in events, to create that unmistakably authentic note of verisimilitude, not to be surpassed or even equalled, except in rare instances, by masters of the arts of history and fiction.

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The Colonial chronicle under review, consisting in large part of letters exchanged between a young husband in the revolutionary army and his wife at home, offers a telling record and portrayal of native patriotism. Joseph Hodgkins of Ipswich, Massachusetts, was a shoemaker when in 1775 he joined up as a minute man, with his fellow townsman Nathaniel Wade, carpenter. The company elected Wade captain and Hodgkins lieutenant. It was the cobbler who was the more articulate member, and if his manner of expressing himself is not always distinguished by literacy or perfect spelling it is always definite, commonsensical and meaningful. The British having evacuated Boston, Hodgkins knew it meant marching: "As our enemy are gone from us I Expect we must follow them. . . ." He prepared to do this with "Chearfullness," ready "to serve my Contery in the Best way & mannar that I am Capeble of . . . ." He forestalled his wife Sarah's possible protest by writing to her: "I would not be understood that I should Chuse to March But as I am ingaged in this glories Cause I am will to go . . . with a Desire to Commit myself & you to the care of him Who is able to Carry on through all the Defiltes that we may be Called to." To which the editors add: "Joseph marched with God for three and a half more years, braving fire and water to escape capture on Long Island, facing the icy Delaware on a Christmas night, conquering 'camp sickness' after the victory at Saratoga and starving at Valley Forge."

All letters, whether written by husband or wife, end on a variation of "Your affectionate Companion Till Death." Joseph bore his ordeal of camp life, comfortless as it was and constantly subject to peril, courageously. He suffered and endured stoically, always moved by a sense of duty worthy of record. No less conscientiously did Sarah look after affairs at home. A soldier without uniform while still in Boston, Joseph sent his shirts home to be laundered, and he spent part of his time making shoes for the officers.

A faithful letter-writer, Joseph often wrote under great difficulties: "my Candle is almost out so I must Be short. . . ." adding, "I have Leet another Candle so I will write a word or two more." In one letter he left, as the editors comment, "an almost clinical record of his physical state." All in all, the correspondence on both sides reveals an ordeal of endurance for the sake of "this glories Cause." Not that Joseph's mind was ever absent from the idea of showing the enemy an example of Yankee steel. From Long Island he wrote: "I hope with the Blessing of god we shall Be able to keep our ground and let them know that yankeys can fite."

It is impossible to single out the little intimate things which make this correspondence such a valuable record of life during the Revolution. Certainly no novelist writing of the period can afford to ignore this as a source book of outstanding worth.

REVIEWERS

Elizabeth Bartelme, a frequent contributor, is on the editorial staff of a leading New York publishing house.

C. Beatty Kaufman is a student of and commentator on the fine arts. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

Thomas F. Curley, a New York novelist and critic, is a regular reviewer.

John Cournos is a well-known critic, anthologist and expert on Americana.

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A WAR WORTH WINNING

DR. THOMAS A. DOOLEY, a thirty-one year old physician from St. Louis, is a front-lines soldier in mankind's greatest war – the war against human suffering. Since 1955 Dr. Dooley has worked with dedication to bring his medical skills to tens of thousands of Southeast Asian peoples. Many had never seen a doctor. In 1955-56, as a Navy doctor, Tom Dooley treated thousands of Vietnamese refugees who fled from the Communist North to Free South Vietnam. Dr. Dooley returned to Laos in late 1956 as a civilian representative of the International Rescue Committee, to build new medical clinics and to practice medicine in the jungle only a few miles from the Chinese border.

As a result of his experiences, Dr. Dooley returned to the United States in early 1958 determined to help organize a systematic onslaught against the greatest single scourge to the human race—disease. In cooperation with the IRC, he helped to found MEDICO.

MEDICO—a division of the International Rescue Committee—has been organized on a worldwide basis to fight the only war which MEDICO seeks—the war against disease in the remote areas of Asia and Africa. MEDICO's soldiers are American doctors, nurses, dentists and medical technicians. MEDICO teams are being sent to areas where medicine is only a word and suffering is an endless reality. The weapons of MEDICO are drugs, medical equipment, and the dollars which the American people are generously providing.

The frontlines of this war are everywhere that medicine is desperately needed. In Laos, for example, one of every two infants dies at or before birth. In Thailand and Indonesia, twelve million human beings are hideously deformed by yaws. More than two hundred million men, women and children throughout the world are afflicted with malaria. All these and many other illnesses can be cured by simple applications of modern medicine.

Dr. Dooley returns to Laos in July under MEDICO sponsorship to build a new hospital. MEDICO has sent a dentist and equipment for a complete dental clinic plus a quantity of drugs and supplies to the African hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, MEDICO's Honorary Patron. The hospital work of Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, the legendary Burma Surgeon, is now sponsored by MEDICO. Still other teams are in preparation to be sent to the disease-ravaged areas of the world as funds are found to finance them.

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